

THE NEW PLAYS

Balieff's "Chauve-Souris"

Bizarre and Delightful

By CHARLES DARNTON

A FORTERIOUS fellow with a serio-comic face, the patience of Job and the indifference of a newly-elected Alderman, tells you all about it at the Forty-ninth Street Theatre, as he plants himself before the curtain and surveys the house with an idly roving eye. His English is all his own, and he booms or gasps it as the fit seizes him, sometimes letting it die of sheer exhaustion on his dejected underlip. Withal he has a proprietary air, for he is head and front—especially front—of Balieff's "Chauve-Souris," otherwise the Theatre of Moscow. He runs the show, and if you're slow in getting to your seat he doesn't hesitate to run you, this Nikita Balieff, director, stage autocrat, comedian and ballyhoo all in one. His like has never been seen before in New York.

The same may heartily be said of the performance, a bizarre and delightful medley of music, dancing and humor vividly set off by fantastic colors.

There is charm in it all, from delicate, exquisite bits that are like Russian miniatures to riotous fun, rolling with drunken posters. Though the changes are violent they have the harmony of picturesqueness, in which the richly toned costumes play a large part. The producer has apparently given infinite care to every detail.

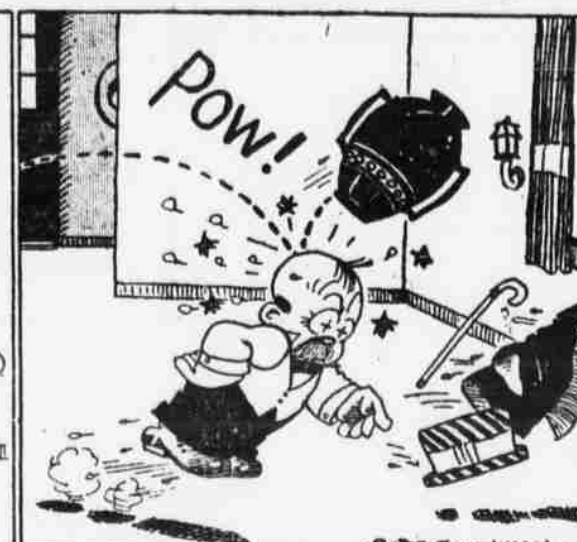
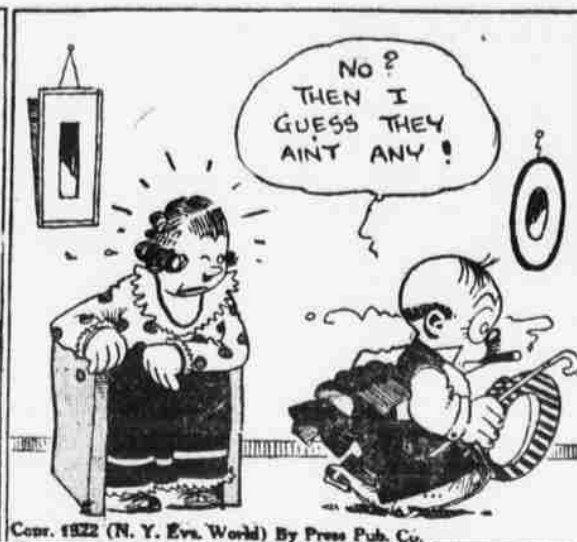
Perfection marks a parade of wooden soldiers, jerkily moving and amazingly skilful. We have had many a march of toy soldiers, but nothing that has ever approached this remarkable exhibition. It is followed by "Souvenir of the Far East," with an old-world sentiment and the pathos of age, tenderly expressed by Mme. Deykarbanova and M. Gorodetsky. An old French song added to the charm of "Perecette de Sax" and songs by Glinka carried a gentle appeal. "The Sudden Death of a Hero," with an eloping couple coming to grief, brings the lurch of laughter, but, better still, is "Kalinka," with a peasant girl dancing an old polka while her excited parent, striving desperately to keep up the pace in revolving chairs. A Tartar dance by M. Kotchetovsky (these names will be the death of me!) is another good thing.

And shall we ever forget the women in "A Night at Yari's Moscow, 1840," sitting in a line stretching

across the stage and singing gypsy songs? They are wonderful creatures, thoroughly alive and half-savage, with their glowing eyes and wild voices. Back of them stand men, singing and playing guitars, while Mr. Yavitch towers in front urging on the full-throated chorus. Here you get the true spirit of the cabaret. Then you have also the workpeople, singing and dancing crazily yet joyously to the music of the accordion. More familiar, though uncommonly clever, is a marionette burlesque of Italian opera, in which Mme. Birse hits off the prima donna caputally. Still more fun is provided by a decidedly mixed chorus of men, after which Balieff sends you home in the best of nature.

Morris Gest is to be thanked for bringing the town's greatest novelty, such choice entertainment that it offers nothing less than a Muscovite treat.

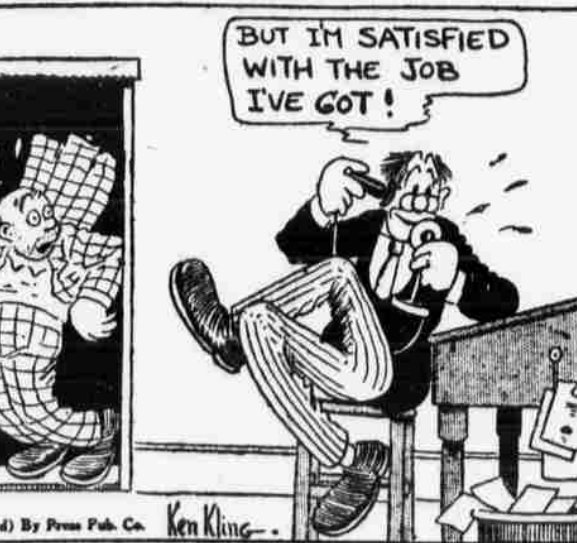
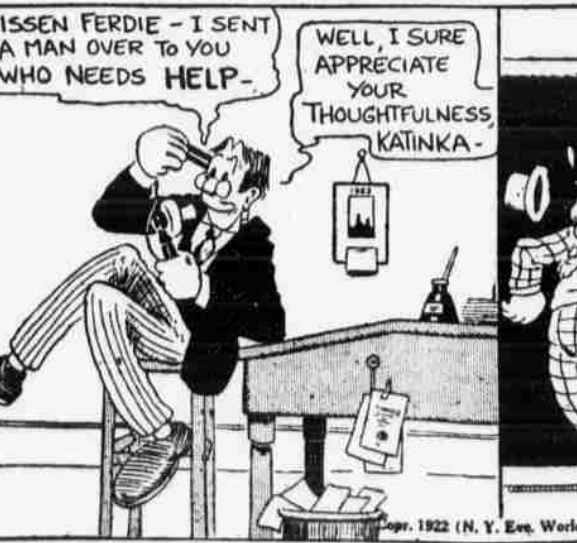
THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY



LITTLE MARY MIXUP



KATINKA



About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

ROSELLE PARK, N. J., is located near Elizabeth. We know because we visited it the other night. We went there as the guest of J. Andrew White, editor of the Wireless Age, to talk over the radio. Eddie Cantor, a prominent citizen of Mount Vernon, went along chaperoned by his wife and a lady friend for reinforcements, and 100,000 people, who were fortunate enough to have radiophone receiving instruments (see ads in Evening World) profited thereby. Eddie sang over the wireless telephone absolutely gratis, there being no way for him to collect a cent, and we told stories while people within a radius of 1,000 miles laughed and applauded—we imagine. On the way home on the train we said, "Show me Have Seen Better Days," while Vaughn De Leath, a lady who warbles for the phonographs, smiled at the conductor to keep him from throwing us off. All in all it was a grand night for 100,000 people and a train load of railroad travelers.

"This station," said J. Andy White, who, by the way, hails from Crestwood, N. Y., one of the rubarburs of Bronxville, "is W.D.Y."

"That certainly is fine," we responded with just a tinge of sorrow in our tone.

"One hundred thousand people will hear this entertainment to-night. We'll start at 8 o'clock and run till 10, stopping twice for distress signals."

"You mean from those listening?"

"No. From ships that may be in trouble at sea."

We had a huge singer in the party and we immediately instructed him not to sing "Asleep in the Deep." The instructions were unnecessary, however, as, so far as we could ascertain, the concert did not cause any distress.

Harry Swan opened the show. He sang "Laddie Buck of Mine," an Irish ballad. All the while we were hoping poor John McCormack wasn't listening in. You know, John sings Irish ballads for a living, and we wouldn't have his feelings hurt for the world. J. Andrew said it was possible the song was reaching Ireland, and we couldn't help but wonder what Jimmy Craig was thinking. It was so absolutely "begorra" in its make-up that we feared Under might get busy over it. Miss De Leath came next with "Dapper Dan," which told the story of a very praiseworthy Negro man. Then she favored with "Second-Hand Rose" and "Covey With Kisses."

"Second-Hand Rose" pleased the local audience greatly, as most of them were of that nationality. Billy Tilden, not the tennis player, followed with a few stories that must have made the air waves shimmy with laughter.

When Billy had made his bow, Harry Garland, no relation to the fellow who snubbed the million dollars, sang "You-Hoo" and "I Want My Mammy." Harry surely filled the atmosphere with the "Hol Me to Your Breast," Mammy's stuff. He sang it so well we began to wonder if there were mummies in Jerusalem. Arthur Egbert then shook up the atmosphere with a ukelele number. Arthur was in the navy during the war, and they say it was his ukelele playing that frightened the Germans into the North Sea. His first song was called "A New Jersey Surprise," and had to do with the mosquito fleet.

Then came Eddie Cantor. While Mrs. Cantor looked on and applauded, Eddie sang and shivered. He requested all the listeners to send him 10 cents apiece and gave them his address. Eddie explained that a dime wouldn't impoverish anybody, while 100,000 dimes certainly would jingle well at the Cantor country place. Gladys Taylor, pianist, favored with a number of her own called "The Laughing Saxophone." She explained that her right hand wasn't acting well and Nat Sanders, who had been seated near her, was suspicious. Nat, however, had had nobody squeezing his

voice, and he sang next, while Louis Breaux fingered the ivories. Nat's selection was "The World Is a Beautiful Song," and he conclusively proved that such is the case. When he finished, everybody was given a second chance to entertain the 100,000 and all ended well.

The entertainment was offered by the Radiophone Corporation of America. If anybody heard it we'd like to know it. Won't a few of the 100,000 please write us and give us their impressions? We want to be proud of J. Andrew of Crestwood, but we haven't evidence that he deserves our pride as yet.

BELMONT FOR ASSEMBLY.

"Montmartre," the first production of the newly formed Players' Assembly, will open next Monday evening at the Belmont Theatre. The cast will number more than thirty, including Galina Kopermak, a Russian actress, who will make her American debut. Others are Helen Ware, Helen Lowell, Mabel Frenzyer, Winnifred Harris, Rose Winter, Mae Hopkins, Brandon Hurst, Frank Doane, Clark Silvernail, Arthur Hohl and Frank Connor. "The S. S. Tenacity" and "The Monkey's Paw," now at the Belmont, may be moved to another Broadway theatre.

PEGGY TO ACT AGAIN.

Peggy Hopkins Joyce will return to the stage in a play now being written

for her. She was last seen behind the footlights in a comedy called "Sleepless Nights." Miss Hopkins, as she will be known, will sail tomorrow for France to remain six weeks. The new play will go into rehearsal immediately upon her return.

RHYMED PROPOSALS

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party. Try us, folks; we were just trying the typewriter. As to the rhymed proposal business to-day, permit us to say that Marie F. has made a hit with several suitors, and we hope to marry her off soon. Harry S. of Newark, that lovely little suburb of Jersey City (that'll make 'em sore), has written us as follows:

In reply to Marie F.'s rhyme, Whose thoughts are similar to mine, I'm four years shy of forty; that's true, And I'm wondering whether I'll do.

Now listen, Marie! If Harry S. won't do, we can offer you one Montgomery, who would like to marry you or Peggy Rose. Monty is seventy-three years old, but they do say he's spry and still has his teeth. If either of you girls wishes to be an old man's darling, don't overlook the following:

Under a spreading grapefruit tree

We'll spend our days, just you and me. The cactus and the wangbunk's moon Will guard us when we're all alone. Where shadows melt beneath the pines, Where sunlit ivy hides its vines, I'll build a nest far from the rest. For you and me; do you agree? Montgomery—aged seventy-three, wheel!

GOSSIP.

"Lilies of the Field" may be produced in London soon.

Ella Retford, who has been in Keith vaudeville, sails for England to-morrow.

Two new musical numbers will be sung in "Marjolaine" to-morrow evening.

"He Who Gets Slapped" moves from the Garrick to the Fulton next Monday, opening with a matinee.

Albertina Vitak, a dancer at the Hippodrome, has made a clay figure of herself. She posed before a mirror.

Max Schreck will stage the numbers in a new shubert musical show called "Hotel Mouse."

Harry Garland, having closed with "Snap Shots of 1921," is to go into vaudeville.

We have letters here for Rose of

New York and Marie F. of Brooklyn, both rhymed proposals.

Sam Livesey of "Bull Dog Drummond" used to be a wrestler. No wonder the girl in the play doesn't throw him down.

When Sousa and his band reach Havana next week for a series of concerts they will find a \$20,000 advance sale.

Mildred Harris, former wife of Charlie Chaplin, is appearing in the Proctor houses in a sketch called "Money Talks."

Jerome Kern believes that some day composers and lyric writers will receive royalties from Radiophone concerns that broadcast songs.

Robert Dale, formerly in Winter Garden companies, has been added to the cast of Al Johnson's "Bombo" company.

"The Circle," with John Drew and Mrs. Leslie Carter in their original roles, starts its transcontinental tour to-night in Newark.

Arthur McHugh, braggart for the Arthur Hammerstein attractions, has just phoned us that Robert Woolsey of "The Blue Kitten" is ill and Harry Clark is subbing for him. Interesting is absolutely authentic!

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

When John Bots, the Wellsville motion picture man and wit, was asked if he intended to attend the third trial of Fatty Arbuckle, he said:

he couldn't get away, but he hoped to be on hand for the fifth or sixth.

FOOLISHMENT.

(For Cigar Store Robbers.)

Oh, robber with gun in hand! Maybe you think you're grand, But I can say you are not; Most likely you are a rum sot. Telephone rings, "ting-a-ling," Soon you may be in Sing Sing. Put up your hands may be fine, But it is nothing divine. You're no Jesse Jimmy (Joke!)

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.

Teacher—Willie, why were you absent from school yesterday?

Small Boy—I had the stomach ache.

Teacher—Well, don't let it happen again.

WHAT YOU NEVER HEAR.

COLLECTOR—We made a mistake in your gas bill last month; there will be no charge this month, and here is 75 cents rebate.

Ballplayer—You are right, Mr. Umpire, I was out a mile.

Servant—I'll stay five years, mum, at \$10 a month.

Judge—You are discharged; I believe your story that it was brought into the State for medical use.

Butcher—Sirloin steak has gone down to 18 cents a pound.—Fargo Courier News.

He Must Have Guessed Right!

Finally D. W. G. stood near the effervescent player and, quite by accident (?), stamped on his toe. Luckily, as far as the picture was concerned, Griffith scored a perfect bull's-eye by hitting a pet corn. The man howled; his expression changed; Griffith yelled "Camera!" and ordered the man to act.

If you see him in the film you'll think he was the original Gloomey Gus.

HE'S LEARNIN'.

Five-year-old Arthur Trimble, who appears in Rupert Hughes's personally conducted pictures for Goldwyn, is a fast study.

From the time he was three he has been able to count 100, recite nursery rhymes, spell off the alphabet and do the highland fling.

Since starting out in pictures his education has been greatly broadened. He can now say: "What, me, a star, work for \$1,000 a week? Well I SHOULD SAY NOT!"

Good boy, Artie, young topper, you'll be a reel star yet!

ACCOMPLISHED.

Mona Kingsley, who plays a speck of dust in "The Dust Flower," to take the word of her publicity purveyor, writes plays, stories, poems, paints (that is, with water colors and oils) and plays the guitar, piano, zither and phonograph.

All of which helps her a lot as a movie actress, especially her performances on the last named instrument.

"What," asked a friend of ours, when we mentioned the above accomplishments, "can she act?"

We turned from him in scorn, but she said: "She doesn't HAVE to act; she's a movie actress."

CUT-INS.

John Dooley has just been added to the already long cast of "When Knighthood Was in Flower," which Cosmopolitan will soon start for Marion Davies.

David Wark Griffith has changed the ending of "Orphans of the Storm." The climax, while still a happy one, is reached a little earlier, and the original fade-out is replaced by a new scene.

The United States series of Burton Holmes travel pictures has just been released to schools by the National Non-Theatrical Motion Pictures, Inc. There are twenty-six reels in all. Must be nice to go to school and watch a motion picture.

It has just been announced that the phrase "Passed by the National Board of Review" does not mean "Censored." It does mean edited, as twere.

Warren A. Newcombe, producer of "The Enchanted City," is deep in peave. He says: "Somebody cut the best scene out of my film." Strange isn't it, that every "cut" comes high in the centre of the "best scene?"

Here's a hint to Maclyn Arbuckle: Why not work "Daddy Dumbie" over into a movie? Think it over!

William McCormack, Westbury, N. Y.—It was our mistake. R-C Pictures Corporation is going to divide \$1,000 among writers of best letters on "R-C Pictures I Have Seen." The writer of this column is one of the judges, so talk pretty.

After seeing Ernest Truex in his latest releases we are convinced his first name should be spelled E-A-R-N-E-S-T.

"Spelling bees always result in words," muses Aesop's Film Fables.

"Watch the reformers claim that coffee is dangerous," warns "Topics of the Day." "A man recently killed his wife by hitting her with a percolator."

Screenings

By DON ALLEN

"TOE BE OR NOT TOE BE"—The grinding heel of David Wark Griffith's well-shod right foot clomped down a few weeks ago and an actor was made.

It seems that one of the male screenites in Griffith's latest master films just couldn't seem to prachute into the atmosphere of his part. He was too flippant; far too smiley and blithe-hearted. While every one else in the scene was as sad as an orphan on Christmas, the smile wreathed countenance of the one player stood out like an Albino African among his fellow tribesmen.

Griffith talked to him like a father; then he talked to him like a step-father or a movie guardian. All to no avail. He could not eclipse the beaming face.

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